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# A DAY AT DULWICH

BY

A. H. GILKES

MASTER OF DULWICH COLLEGE



LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

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GENERAL



# A DAY AT DULWICH

## INTRODUCTION.

DULWICH is dear to thousands of men and boys. Thousands talk of it, write of it, and hear of it with pleasure; and perhaps every view in which it is regarded arouses in them a certain amount of interest because of the contrast which it presents with their own.

Dulwich is, as most people know, a great school, in which there are day-boys and boarders—generally five or six times as many day-boys as boarders: its Statutes thus order the proportion; for boarders hang more closely together than day-boys, and where they preponderate in numbers, since there is always a tendency in regulations of all kinds to accommodate themselves to the interest of the stronger body, the interests of the day-boys are often a little disregarded. The existence of day-boys and boarders side by

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side, the former numerically far stronger than the latter, is of great value to the school. The presence of boarders is valuable as strengthening that independent tone, and that temper of generosity and public spirit which should prevail at a school; and the presence and strength of the day-boys is valuable as tempering the independence of the tone. At a boarding school there is always a danger that boys will form their own code of laws and rules of life without any reference to the opinions of their elders; and obviously boys are not able to do this with profit to themselves.

Dulwich has grown to its present position through curious stages. About three hundred years ago, Edward Alleyn the actor acquired a large estate in the south of what is now London over the border, and provided on it a College—for a warden, fellows, a chaplain, alms-men and alms-women, and twelve poor scholars. For this institution he asked for a charter. But there was a delay of nine years on the part of the Lord Chancellor—Lord Chancellor Bacon—in granting this charter; no one knows exactly why; but in days when individuals have great power

and there is not much publicity in the conduct of business, many abuses occur. During these nine years Alleyn's views altered. He wished his school to be like Winchester and Eton, and he applied to these schools for information as to school arrangements. The charter however was granted at last in the terms of his original application, apparently much to his annoyance, and the school gradually settled itself to follow the charter. This was its authorised guide of life until in the middle of last century Parliament arranged a new scheme for it.

At this time there was need, as there had been often before, for some interference in the affairs of Dulwich College, or rather of Alleyn's College of God's Gift. The Warden and Fellows were of little use in the world ; they succumbed often, as many people succumb, to the temptations which beset wealth and idleness ; they were apt to be self-indulgent, conceited, and quarrelsome, narrow in their views and mean in their proceedings ; a poor set of people, well clad and well fed, with a varnish of politeness, but often somewhat rotten at heart. As to the school, the fewer boys there were, the more

comfortable were these misguided men ; and naturally therefore there were very few boys—poor scholars—poor in wealth, but poorer in a truer sense, because of the incompetence of their masters. Much to the good of every one, the Commissioners interfered with this unsatisfactory position ; and now began a long wrangle, in which many men, whose hearts were kind enough, lost their tempers, and considered each other, very unjustly, both knaves and fools. One set of men took their stand upon the terms of the charter, and demanded the establishment of a school for poor scholars ; the other upon the second intention of Alleyn, and demanded a school like Eton and Winchester. Eventually the dispute was settled by the establishment of what was really needful ; the great revenues of the estate were applied partly to the establishment of schools in poor neighbourhoods in London, in parishes with which Alleyn was closely connected, partly of a school for poorer boys in Dulwich, and partly of Dulwich College itself. There were never wanting, during the long unholy wrangle that took place concerning the matter, men connected with the College who desired only

a school for poorer boys, whose education they wished to be directed simply to the earning of their daily wages ; and the presence of this desire in some of the College authorities prolonged the wrangle, and did much to starve the College, by lessening the grants made to it. But Dulwich at last emerged as a great public school, for circumstances continually and steadily proved their desire to be foolish, though as was natural, they refused to abandon it, and never could really bring themselves to see that they had been all along mistaken. These sad times are nearly past, and there is little to remind the present generation of them, excepting a bitter memory or two, or a misconception or two, the records of antiquarians, and the shape of the College buildings.

The days that are spent in Dulwich College now are those spent under those circumstances which are best for boys, the circumstances of public school life, and of the best kind. No doubt these days have many blemishes in them. Education generally has received so much attention lately that it is not likely to have escaped without harm from its friends. Man has power to make excellent arrange-

ments, and excellent schemes ; and also bad arrangements and bad schemes, thinking that they are excellent ; and those who are called experts sometimes make arrangements of the latter as well as of the former kind. Even if the schemes are good, human nature, as shown in boys and masters, will still contrive to bring some mischief out of them ; and if on the other hand they are bad, human nature will still contrive to bring some good out of them. Thus in life at Dulwich, as in that of every other public school, there are plenty of blemishes and there is plenty of good ; and the following pages represent an attempt to describe just one day of it.

I suppose that of almost all the machinery working in the world, the machinery at school is least seen, and its nature taken most on trust. No one visits form rooms during lesson time, and the accounts which boys carry home are often not to be trusted ; not because boys distort them on purpose, but because, as every one knows, accurate statement is nearly impossible excepting among those who are trained to make it, and because no one at school sees quite all that happens, and, when he is young, guesses badly at the

rest. It is possible also to take exception to the tone of many accounts of school life given in stories, in which boys are represented as continually trying to evade the school rules, as subjects by no means in sympathy with the powers that are supposed to control them ; and again as speaking continually in a kind of strange semi-smart dialogue of repartee one to the other ; and as destitute of serious thoughts or hopes. These stories are objectionable, among other reasons, because they do mischief to boys, and because they largely misrepresent both fact and nature. No doubt when boys are grouped, with twenty-five in a group, in front of their master, each boy apparently doing the same thing, but each boy different from the other, and from his master—no doubt outward similarity implies a certain amount of hypocrisy or acting. Often one boy is thinking about his pocket-money, another about his play, another about his dog or his rabbits, or something to eat, or some one with whom he has quarrelled, and only a few about irregular verbs and their work. But even this is not always true, and as a rule, with most masters, most boys attend to their work, and really do not



dislike it. No doubt this is a fact which it is possible to overstate, and no doubt the mind of a boy often rebels against the restraint which he must endure at school. But as a rule boys, who almost constantly need this restraint, would feel much ashamed of their school if their school did not require it of them, and the same is true far more completely with regard to out-of-school life. For discipline, whatever it may have been in past times, is as a rule reasonable in these days, and boys are reasonable, as they always have been, and like to be kept in order. A boy who is undisciplined loses much which he himself values. When old boys come back to school, if they say to their master as some boys do, perhaps with an air of triumph, "I used to play at catch in preparation," or "You used to think I learnt my lessons, but I did not," or "I used to crib," their master speaks in accordance with their real sense when he says, "The more foolish you ! you were miserably silly in doing what you say that you did."

Perhaps some day this view may prevail among those who write stories for boys, and also among all parents. An old man's stories

of his school life are even now often of the kind that these triumphing boys tell to their masters ; stories that he managed by some trickery or some deceit to avoid doing what it was good for him to do ; as though he were to boast of not having taken his doctor's medicine when he was sick, or having eaten things that disagreed with him when he was healthy ; or of having eluded some one who was looking for him to give him a hundred pounds. Learning, however, is worth many hundreds of pounds, and not one hundred only, and is less likely to be misapplied. Such an old man makes a bad father in this important respect, and, so far as he is a bad father, his children will requite him for his badness, just as David's children requited David.

## CHAPTER I

It is a pretty sight, one which pleases those who like to look at healthy and joyous life, and one which causes reflection to any one who philosophises upon human affairs, to see the Dulwich boys come to school. From every one of the avenues converging upon the school, by almost all ways of conveyance, the train, the motor-car, the bicycle, the unaided foot, walking fast and slowly, thinking and thoughtless, with lessons known and unknown, careless and full of care, eager and stolid, ambitious and unaspiring, from almost every other house, and from the four boarding houses, they come—the Dulwich boys to school—as the clock fingers begin to near the time of nine o'clock. The bell breaks upon their ear at 8.55, and almost each one moves slightly in acknowledgment of the sound ; the school hand seems to have reached each one, his attendance and his lessons become slightly more of a reality to him as his distance

from what he has to do at school is more accurately measured. The bigger boys moving with more regular step receive mental notice from the smaller ones—like so much that goes on at school, not apparent; for boys show often no sign of noticing that of which they think much and talk much afterwards.

Of all the boys, perhaps, he who received most of this silent notice was Grant, the captain of the school. Each boy as Grant passed him was aware of the fact, and if there was anything different about Grant from that which had been about him the morning before, most boys noticed it, and spoke of it. Indeed he was an important and notable boy: with still nearly two years to pass at school before he went up to the University, he was already head of the school in school work, and a good cricketer and football player; in both games representing the school. He had received his colours in cricket after making thirty runs against Bedford School in the season before, and taking two wickets towards the end of the game. He had not yet received his football colours, but he was playing half-back for the First Fifteen, and it was generally considered that the team was

incomplete without him. His step was quick and his carriage free ; a boy of middle height and well-knit frame, light blue eyes, brown hair, and fairly resolute mouth. He was more than ordinarily noticed on this day, for it was the day on which the school played Tonbridge School at football.

Each boy felt himself to be a little nearer to the game as Grant passed him, and each group turned to speak of the match. Grant walked fast, and passed all boys and was passed by none ; and as the boys saw him go forward, they said, " Grant has to read." This was so, and it was necessary for him to be in the corridor of the first floor of the senior block at 8.50 to go down with the Master, and along the senior cloister, and through the passage and up the great side stairs in the middle block, and into the Great Hall to read the lesson to the Master, in preparation for reading it at prayers to the whole School. At 8.45 the door from the Master's house opened, and he came out with a paper or two in his hand and went into the Sixth form room, greeting a boy from the Mathematical form, who was there thus early to mark his name in the register of attendance ;

looking at the register himself, and then going into his room which lay nearly opposite to the Sixth form door. Grant was ready for him as he came out from the room, as he would have been ashamed not to be, and the two went together into the Great Hall, the Master pausing to give the papers in his hand to the porter who was waiting at his lodge passage to say good-morning and to receive any direction necessary for the business of the day.

"These boys are away from school to-day," said the Master, giving some slips of paper to the porter. "This is for the masters' common room; and I want to see Mr. Hyde and Mr. Carter the prefects, in the interval."

"Yes, sir," said the porter, a young man and a good man, who had served a gun with General French throughout the South African war.

The Master found the lesson in the old and too untidy Bible, which lay on the lectern. "Read from there to there," said he, pointing to some marks in the Bible, "omitting these verses that are looped." Grant read it through aloud. He had read the lesson several times before, and thus knew how to manage his

voice ; and the rehearsal was likely to be soon over. The lesson was of six verses chosen from the 147th Psalm.

"Now you try and make the boys hear, and make them listen," said the Master after the first reading.

Grant wondered for a moment whether the Master, or "the old man" as he called him in his mind, really expected the boys to listen, and for himself he rather hoped that they would not ; for he was not proud of his reading, and kept his religious feeling much in the background.

"The boys like to listen," said the Master turning upon him, "at least they will if you will think about what you are reading, and you must not be ashamed to show it. Don't you see what a beautiful lesson it is ?"

Grant acknowledged its beauty, certainly to the Master, and more hesitatingly to himself, and with a passing wonder whether the Master had chosen the lesson with any reference to the football match, read it again. When the reading was done the Master repeated musingly, "neither taketh He pleasure in any man's legs," and Grant wondered with a rather more permanent wonder.

"Have you a hymn-book?" said the Master as they turned from the lectern.

"Yes, sir," said Grant.

Still the Master stood and looked first at the Bible and then at Grant, and Grant stood and looked first at the Master and then at the Bible. Then he laughed and went to the Bible and turned the leaf back so that the Bible was open to the beginning of the Psalm. The Master laughed and said, "I see that you are not altogether careless of the future, and have some idea of your duty in you, and prepare for it."

The second reading had been a little better than the first; but when the time came that the hymn had been sung, and Grant advanced to the lectern in front of the masters on the platform, and read the lesson, any feeling in him that it was a beautiful lesson had vanished, and it became just a matter of business to him to read it—and thus it was just a matter of business to the boys to listen to it.



## CHAPTER II

THERE were three lessons at least to be said by all the boys on this match day : one from 9.15 to 10.45 ; this one was broken for many boys into two, but not for the classical Sixth, the form in which Grant was ; another from 11 to 12, and yet another from 12 to 1. There was an interval from 10.45 to 11 o'clock ; this part of the morning was tolerable, because it was possible to spend it in talking of the match, but the rest of the morning was likely to go heavily. What was Plancius and his quarrel with Laterensis, and what was Cicero, to a form of boys who wished to think about the football match which was to be played that afternoon, and whose thoughts turned to it continually ? The boys knew that the lessons must be endured ; but they waited with impatience, even the most respectable of them, even most of the prize winners in their forms, for 1 o'clock, when they intended to take a plunge into football, and remain

there for the rest of the afternoon, until they perhaps raised their minds for other thoughts at preparation time.

First there was the pleasure of hearing and giving information and making prophecies and noting players and reading the notices about the match and the list of players, a pleasure which would extend all through the interval openly, and covertly, in a certain degree, in some forms and classes, throughout the whole morning. Then there was the joy of seeing the Tonbridge team arrive, carrying their bags, accompanied by Hyde and Carter, and one or two other members of the school team; and of noting their shoulders and legs, and comparing with them the shoulders and legs, and the capacities which they implied, possessed by the members of the Dulwich team. There was the calling to mind that information about each boy in the Tonbridge team which the newspapers had only too liberally supplied; and then the shortened games, from 2 to 2.45 o'clock, and the strolling about the ground and the waiting, talking, and anticipating.

All this seems at first not wholesome, and not that for which the boys came to

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school: it seems to suggest that too high an estimate was placed upon what was really of secondary importance, namely, the issue of a football match. If the frame of mind which has been described had been permanent, this criticism would have been well-judged. But in fact it was not permanent, and belonged only to this day; and it was in itself wholesome, because it implied enthusiasm for an object which was not personal, the power to rejoice in an honour which affected no boy individually, and at the same time a recognition that the honour must be won according to law or that it would be better for it not to be won at all.

At a quarter past nine, however, all these joys seemed rather far away; for there were the lessons to be done first. And first, for the classical Sixth there was the lesson in Cicero's speech for Plancius. The Sixth form master, Mr. Smith, had a feeling that the wits of his form would wander from his lesson this morning; and therefore, like a brave man, he set himself to prevent this, and knowing his work and his pupils he began on the lesson with a confident exterior.

"Attwater, begin to construe," said he.

Attwater's construing generally stirred the form, though in a way not complimentary to Attwater. There was more in his construing than the simple rendering of a piece of Greek or Latin into English. There was a good deal of Attwater himself; and many boys commented strongly upon Attwater and everything that represented him. He was a boy who would attend to what he was doing himself, but found it very hard to attend to anything done by other people, unless they were of a caste superior to his own. He thought much of the æsthetic side of everything, especially in Church matters, holding Nonconformity in very low esteem, dressing himself carefully, and scenting his pocket handkerchief; and when he came into any company, wondering what the company was thinking of him. He was often compelled to acknowledge that his companions at school did not think highly of him, and thus at school he was not very happy. But in drawing-rooms, his reception seemed to him generally more satisfactory. On the whole, perhaps, his greatest misfortune was that he was what is called good-looking, and that he had heard people talking of the beautiful expression

of his dark eyes. If only they would have made their remarks out of his hearing, no great harm would have been done; but since they spoke partly to please his mother, and partly to please the boy himself, they had made their remarks on him in his hearing, and this put ideas into the boy's head which had done much mischief to his character. He burned to distinguish himself, but being rather lazy, and finding this easy way to distinction—of simply looking with these same dark eyes—provided for him, he took it, with a few others of the same kind, and thus became a slave to a bad master.

He stood up now to construe, having really prepared his lesson, but wishing the form to think that he had not, that he might seem both clever and daring. For though he was a school prefect, he was always anxious to show that he was not altogether a prefect at heart, and to stand well with boys who did not regard school duties with reverence. He first read a piece of the speech; he had ears for the rhythm of the language, but he would not use them, and brains to criticise the speech, but he would not allow them to have fair play; for he thought that some

boys, perhaps Hyde and Carter particularly, when they heard of his proceeding, would admire him more if he did not. As he read he made mistakes on purpose, blushing when Mr. Smith did not notice them. He was pretending, as the boys knew quite well and as Mr. Smith guessed, to be preparing the lesson as he read; and then he began to construe as though he were construing at sight, going a little wrong in a hard passage, which in fact he knew well enough.

When the construe was done, Mr. Smith began to teach the form with regard to it. He said, "Was Plancius' father as good a man as Cicero says he was?"

"I don't know," said Attwater.

"Or care?" said Mr. Smith quite sweetly.

"Not much," said Attwater, thinking of his own view of Hyde and Carter.

"What do you think?" said Mr. Smith, turning to Noton.

"I suppose he was," said Noton, who knew that Mr. Smith supposed that he was not.

"When a man praises another, do you always believe him?" said Mr. Smith.

"Generally," said Noton.

“And witnesses to character?”

“Yes, sir,” said Noton, much pleased with himself.

“Have you read ‘Pickwick’?” said Mr. Smith, who always tried to keep ancient and modern times in close connection.

“No, sir,” said Noton, still more pleased, while the form certainly listened.

“Well, some of you have,” said Mr. Smith. “There is a trial there in which a lawyer named Buzfuz”—Mr. Smith spoke with profound seriousness, since the boy had refused to enter with him into his lighter treatment of the subject—“who praises a Mr. Bardell. But his praise was not deserved, but given only for the purposes of his case. He was dead, like Plancius’ father. Of course one reason for praising a person is that he is dead. A good reason, Noton?”

“Yes, sir,” said Noton; thinking that Mr. Smith thought it a bad one.

“And another reason because it helped your case. A good reason also?”

“Yes,” said Noton, almost chuckling; but the form did not much like him, so that he had his fun mostly to himself.

“In fact,” said Mr. Smith, warming to his

subject, and dropping for the moment the drags upon it and turning to the form, "Those whom Cicero praises do not necessarily deserve praise. He praises for two or three reasons, the first because men were his clients, or their relations were; and secondly, because they wished the Roman constitution to remain as it was, as Sulla left it; and thirdly, very often because they had asked him to dinner. Three bad reasons; but when Cicero praises, he praises very fully: throw praise enough and some of it will surely stick."

Here Mr. Smith stopped; and Grant whispered to Coggan, "What time are the Tonbridge boys coming?"

"One twenty," said Coggan.

"Come down and meet them," said Grant.

"All right," said Coggan.

Mr. Smith thought that Grant was resenting his attack upon Cicero, and said, "I expect it's true, Grant. It is in his style, and only in part of his character that we are to imitate Cicero. Not that he was not a good man, as those times went; but we know better now, I think, Attwater. We know that we ought to be sincere?"

Attwater looked somewhat confused; and



the form looked at him with interest, but not admiration.

"We ought to appear what we are, and have no pretences?"

The form was a little amused.

"Unless, indeed, we are engaged as advocates, we ought not to pretend that we know when we do not know? nor that we do not know when we do?"

The form certainly forgot the match for a moment in order to chuckle at Attwater.

"We should not conceal our real sentiments for any reason, in fact, I believe, Noton?" continued Mr. Smith. "Not for our own gain?" Noton looked for something to say. "Nor to exalt ourselves? Our object should always be just the discovery and expression of truth?"

It was a very small consolation to Noton that he thought of a reply which seemed to him quite satisfactory, about two minutes afterwards. When he had hit upon the reply, he wondered whether he should lay it up by him in his memory for future use if Mr. Smith ventured on such treatment of him again, or should put it before the form in the prefect's room on that day. The former was

a bird in the bush, and it was uncertain altogether whether the opportunity of scoring off Mr. Smith would ever occur ; but if it did occur, the result would be more glorious. The latter could certainly occur, if Noton wished, but the amount of glory consequent upon it was uncertain, and Noton certainly would either be required to hold his peace, or possibly subjected to some indignity worse than that which he was endeavouring to remove ; accordingly he decided for the former plan, that of waiting for another turn with Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith, with this advantage of priority, then left this personal manner of teaching, and began to make remarks upon Cicero himself. Mr. Smith was a new master and a good man, who liked both Cicero and the truth, and all his pupils ; and thus his charity was comprehensive enough.

“ Is it right ? I am afraid that I shall make some of you think so, when I say that I do not think so. But consider the point. Here is Cicero, in one sense the most magnificent speaker, except one, who has ever uttered a word. He is master of every kind of rhetorical effect. See how he makes a pointed

antithesis where we see little of one. 'Nec si a populo præteritus est quem non oportuit, a iudicibus condemnandus est qui præteritus non est.' Look at any sentence; see how the words come; each in its place, and the right word so as to tell. Listen to the sentence read, and catch the cadence of it from the sense, and the sense from the cadence."

Then he read one. "And all for what? to make the judges believe what was not true: Plancius was his client, and everything that could be said to win the case, whether it was true or not, must be said. You say you may leave the matter to the judges to decide, after putting a view of it before them. But he does not simply put a view of it before them, he backs the view as his own, and pledges his high character to make it believed. And again why? Because he wished to maintain his reputation; that is, because he wished to gratify his pride, and earn his money. Who can really say a word for this, excepting that mankind has agreed not to be severe in judging the practice? I say this to you as a matter arising from the Cicero, not to push an opinion upon you, but to make you think about a question,

which you will see like all other questions in Cicero or elsewhere is not ancient only but modern also ; for Roman history is the same in texture as English, and the texture is human nature."

James' father was a barrister of repute and James felt interested in all this, but decidedly militant.

"And now shall we go on ?" said Mr. Smith. He looked round to choose another boy to construe while all the boys looked down upon their books, with the idea that if any looked up Mr. Smith would fix on him. Not that they did not know their lesson well enough to get through it ; but from a principle of prudence, and a dislike to personal foolhardiness, just as people shrink from going into a house where there are the measles, or as people in a gun factory hate to see a gun, even when unloaded, pointed at any one.

Mr. Smith called upon Emmett, but before Emmett could utter a word, he went on : "Just a minute ! did Cicero gain by this ; did he really make people believe what he wished them to believe by rhetoric ? He cannot make us, excepting Noton, but that is exceptional. Don't think, however, that

he did not make the Romans and his audience—sit down a minute, Emmett—believe. They believed. How do you know? Perhaps the best proof is that Cicero did it. He was a master of persuasion, and if there had been a better way to persuade he would have taken it. It is one thing for us to sit here and criticise, here in this cold-hearted room, with no great love for Cicero, feeling a little vexed at him perhaps for keeping us from our games; but quite another to see his fine form and face, see him with his great reputation, the pride of Rome both in life and speech, stand up; and see his throat swell with fine sound and hear his great voice roll. And however much he distorted fact, he never played with the principles of morality. In politics, indeed, where he really was sincere, he did not permanently persuade; but this was because there he was on the wrong side, and he had time and its arrangements as his adversaries against him. His words as a politician were well chosen and well arranged, and his voice excellent; there was no fault to be found with his oratory, and yet if the power to persuade or to obtain what is wanted be the test, there was more oratory in the single

sentence uttered by Cæsar, 'Stand aside, young man, it is easier for me to say than to do,' than in the whole of the speech for Sestius. The young man stood aside as he was desired; and as he never would have done for all the argument and oratory in the world."

Mr. Smith grew quite warm as he uttered all this; and interested at least half his audience. But Coggan whispered to Grant, "Jimmy had a stomach ache this morning."

Grant looked very serious, so serious that Mr. Smith, who observed the whisper, thought it not necessary to interfere, but put the waiting Emmett to construe his piece; which he did with perfect fluency. It related to the interference of the tax farmers with Roman elections; and Mr. Smith went on to describe English elections, and the introduction of subordinate considerations into them, from the brass band of old days, to the public house club of the present time, and all the kinds of pressure which it is possible to put upon voters, arising from personal advantage and fear; and showing again, with plenty of learning and humour, how human nature was the same a thousand years ago and now.

It is possible, in fact, to teach political truths more successfully from past history than from present history. The history of Rome is finished, and each fact and tendency has had its influence and run its course; and thus its nature is more plain than the nature of the same tendency and kind of fact is at the present time, when to explain it is to prophesy. Besides, this Roman history rouses little passion and offends few prejudices; but every man and every intelligent boy is already a partisan as to many of the great questions of the present time.

After a few more construes it was close upon a quarter to eleven. The boys gathered their books to go, so as to lose no time when Mr. Smith had gone from the room; but they left certainly not only with a certain music of good prose running in their thought, and an increasing power to appreciate it, but also with certain thoughts as to Cicero, who was becoming a real person to them, and orators and barristers, and the ways of Rome, and of their own country, and of the relation between Roman and English history, which were likely to be very useful to them.

"We will take as an 'essay for this week,'"

said Mr. Smith as the clock struck, "a comparison between Cicero and Mr. Gladstone." And the lesson was done, and Mr. Smith went down the stairs fairly happy, having fought a doubtful action, but to some extent victorious. He had bored nobody, and certainly interested some.



### CHAPTER III

THE boys all streamed out of school, and the masters quickly followed them. Some went to the common room, and those who were more interested in the out-door life of the school went to the great gravel squares that lay between the middle block and the two others. There was a knot of boys at the foot of the stairs reading the notices, which were few this morning; the most important being two, one of which mentioned the names of the team, and the other contained a statement that all games would cease at 2.45 in order that boys might see the match.

The mention of the reason was made for the benefit of some 150 boys who were supposed to prefer the pleasures of home to those of the school playing-fields on a half holiday. There always are as large a number of these boys as 150 in a school of 700 boys, and it is proper that this should be so. Football

is an excellent thing in a school ; and if the football is Rugby football, so much the better, because it occupies thirty boys instead of twenty-two, to say nothing of the touch judges ; and also because much of the game to beginners is little besides pushing and running, and boys without much skill can make more of this than they can of passing and dribbling. An Association game if it is not skilfully played is a bad thing, and only a few boys can play it skilfully ; but a Rugby game not well played is not nearly so bad a thing. Still football does not exhaust the possibilities of a boy's life, and there always must be many in a school who, as far as they are personally concerned, only tolerate it.

Therefore the captain of football at Dulwich, as at all other schools, was always of opinion that football was going down, and that the school was slack with regard to it ; he wished that he could do more than put up a notice like this to bring boys on to the ground ; and hoped secretly that the form captains would by legal or illegal means, see that their forms were completely represented in the ring round the match. The captain of football was Hyde, who was an excellent player, with his whole

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heart immersed in the game ; a tall boy, but very quick and hard. He was a three-quarter back, but he took to all places as a duck to water, and knew exactly what each boy should be doing under each set of circumstances, wherever they might be. His love for football had, however, bred in him a kind of disrespect to all other school institutions, including that of lessons ; and thus from time to time difficulties arose for him in his school life, partly because he regarded every one from the point of view of football ability ; and thus had a latent feeling of contempt for many masters, and many excellent boys, and partly because he had examinations to pass, like other boys, in which no questions about football were likely to occur.

Of those masters who taught him, he had least respect for a Mr. Rubeley, a little man who was old and slow. His subject was German, in which he was a good scholar ; but as to football, he apparently did not know that there was such a game. Hyde, as soon as the interval began, came down on to the gravel from the Modern Sixth form room, which was his form room, with his friend Carter, who was smaller than he, but a really good

back. These two knew all that had happened in Rugby football for the last ten years, all that was happening in this year, and likely to happen in the next year; and they both of them took so much the same view of life as to find great pleasure in each other's company. They were both school prefects, and not bad boys at heart, but through the narrow gate of football lay the avenue into the hearts of both of them. Carter's conscience, however, was more tender than Hyde's, and his heart softer, but his temper quicker. If you did Hyde a kindness he would perhaps say "thank you," but not feel grateful; but if you did Carter a kindness he would perhaps not say "thank you," but he would never forget what you had done for him.

Most boys were looking at these two in the interval, for all their movements were of importance to the school this morning. They stood with Gillett, making a permanent group at the edge of the grass near the trees away from the large clusters of boys which always stood round the buttery door, and just out of sight of the Master's window. Up to them lounged Grant, with a biscuit, a kind of food which

he thought it not beneath his dignity to consume in the interval.

"I shall go," said Hyde. "I can see how. I will get my brother to send me a telegram saying that my uncle arrives on Monday at Waterloo at 4 o'clock. I will take it to the Old Man, and he will let me go to meet him. I have not seen my uncle, you know, for three years. I believe two is the time that Jerry expects you not to have seen your relatives for, if you go to meet them ; but I will put on another year to make sure. If I take this to him at 12.30 on Monday, I can get off directly after dinner. What can you do ?" he said to Carter. "I wish you were my brother, or my cousin, and then the same wire would do for us both."

"I can stay away from school. I can say I have a headache. Johnny will let me stay, and I can come with you. I don't see how any one can spot us."

"What are you going to do ?" said Grant.

"See the 'Varsity match," said Hyde, "on Monday."

Grant felt rather disgusted. Here was the Tonbridge match to take place this afternoon, and the captain was not talking of it, but of

Monday, and another match. He did not say this ; and presently let his thoughts run on another aspect of the matter. He was head boy, and here were two prefects going to act thus ; it wasn't the thing, but he didn't exactly know what to do.

" I'll stop in too, if I may come," said Gillett.

" All right," said Hyde.

Grant walked away very much bewildered, and then thinking that he had not done what he should, he walked back to the three boys, and said—

" You ought not to do this."

" Why not ? " said Hyde, " we want to see the match."

" So do lots of fellows," said Grant, " but they wouldn't do a thing like this to see it."

" Like what ? " said Hyde, really wishful to talk about the matter and see how it would be viewed.

" Telling a lie about it," said Grant.

" I shan't tell any lie," said Hyde, who was really rather a dull boy, and almost believed what he said. " I shall simply hand the wire to Jerry and say, ' May I go ? I haven't seen my uncle for three years.' Nor have I."

" That's rot," said Grant.

"It's not rot," said Carter; and Gillett laughed easily. He was not a prefect, and he had no scruples, and hardly any conscience.

"It's what lots of fellows do every day."

"When?" said Grant.

"When they show up work they haven't done," said Hyde, grinning with a kind of triumph.

"Prefects don't," said Grant.

"Yes, they do," said Carter; "I remember you doing it."

"When?" said Grant.

"When I did a sum for you a fortnight ago," said Carter.

This had indeed happened at the beginning of the term, and came awkwardly for Grant into the argument. He walked away again feeling still more uncomfortable, and very angry as he heard Gillett laughing. His whole sense of propriety was upset. Hyde was older, and had in fact been a prefect longer than he, and so had Carter. He wished that he had not been a prefect, that he had not been captain of the school, that he had had no responsibility. He wished that he could take counsel with some one. The day to which he had so much looked forward was

likely to prove the most unpleasant of his school life. It is often so in life; but Grant was certainly young to begin with an experience so unpleasant. However, this was Saturday, and that which troubled him was not to happen until Monday; but he knew that such a matter would remain no secret, and he had sense enough to understand in a vague way that it would upset the authority of the prefects, and would do mischief in the school. In particular he did not see how he could act much in harmony with Hyde and Carter any more. Still, again, it occurred to him that this was Saturday, that he had remonstrated, that perhaps the boys might change their minds before Monday; and thus he returned to something of his happy state of mind again.

Just then Smith the porter came up to Hyde and Carter and said to them, "The Master wants to see you." The two boys looked at each other. They had a rather exaggerated idea of the Master's ability in finding out things, and certainly each of them felt a little uneasy. They went upstairs and knocked at the door of the Master's room. In the room they found was Mr. Trent, no



particular favourite with either of the boys. They waited outside until he came out, each of them with the idea that Mr. Trent might have been talking to the Master about them ; and they expected any one who talked about them and their school doings presently to light upon some unfavourable matters.

"So," said the Master, in a low voice, to Mr. Trent, as he came out, "if you will help me, I will be looking out too."

The boys nudged each other, and thought that they were to be the objects of the scrutiny ; but really the question was of the enlargement of the gymnastic apparatus at the school mission.

When the boys came in they were a little uncertain, and one of them was almost sullen. The Master could not quite understand the position ; he liked both the boys, and felt vexed that they held thus aloof from him. He said presently, after wondering for a short time at their attitude—

"Can you go to meet the Tonbridge boys ?"

"Yes, sir," said Hyde.

"And have you all the arrangements made?"

"Yes, sir," said Hyde.

"Referee, game, dinner, everything ?"

"Yes, sir," said Hyde.

"Well, you will do well, I know. We shall all be pleased with all you do ; winning or not winning, and think you worth keeping, whichever way it goes. Good luck to you and your side !"

He shook hands with them both ; and they went away, not exactly happy, wishing vaguely that there was no Master in the business, and no rules to keep at school.

## CHAPTER IV

THE next lesson for the Classical Sixth form was taken, not by the master of the Sixth form, but by a younger man, Mr. James, who took a form quite low down in the school, but yet taught the Sixth twice a week. He gave them lectures rather than lessons, and lectures upon things in general; now on a period of history, now on political economy, and now on points of language. He lectured on everything in fact on which questions in the general paper in scholarship examinations were set. He had just now been vexed by the talk in the world relating to the uselessness of Greek, and he desired, as young men do, and old men too sometimes for the matter of that, to express his views on the matter. He was a good talker, and boys generally were interested in what he said, and often adopted his opinions, producing them afterwards in their talk or work, though generally with certain strange alterations.

This morning he, a young, swarthy-faced gentleman of thirty-five years of age, who wished the world were other than it was, and who could play at games pretty well, leaned his chin upon his hand, and looked cheerfully round the room and began his lesson.

“I have here a very able article with which I wish you acquainted. It attacks us with point and vigour. I am sure you will like it. Why teach Greek? it says; why learn it? Greek is old, the nation belongs to the past, and we are of the present. The position is ludicrous; boys know Greek customs and history who do not know their own; and write Greek when they cannot write English. The English empire calls for defenders, and we go to work to provide them by teaching about another empire, and leave our own, its extent and dangers and powers, out of knowledge; and yet these are enough for any brain, and offer enough matter for reflection for a lifetime. The world has gone forward since the days of the Greeks and Romans; we have discovered thousands of things, how to manage nature, and prolong life and banish pain, and are on the eve of new discoveries, and need a populace

educated to make them ; and yet the great schools of the country train those of whom they think best in the ways of a people that had no knowledge of all that has been done ; and the world's life is changed, but those who should lead the change do not lead it because they cannot. May I ask, Noton, what you think of this ? ”

“ I think that it is a very true charge,” said Noton cheerfully.

“ So do I,” said Mr. James. Noton's cheerfulness was a little dashed, and he began to take his bearings a little more carefully, for his desire was not to agree with his masters.

“ Let us consider the point together,” said Mr. James. “ We can all contribute something of experience in this matter. First what about the rather feeble rejoinder that the defenders of the old system make, that the effect on the character is good. Do you think it good, Martin ? ”

“ Yes,” said Martin, hesitating.

“ You find yourself obliged to say that you have improved under the system ? ”

“ Yes,” said Martin, laughing.

“ Well, so do I,” said Mr. James, “ but then it is to be remembered that you might

have improved faster under another system. So individuals don't count so much as the nature of the thing itself. Let us look at this education and see what it is in itself that Noton and the article dislikes it so much, and what the other education is that Noton likes it so much. Now you have two arms, Noton, haven't you ? ”

Noton wished that he could deny it, but he could not, he could only refuse to affirm it ; and Mr. James seeing that possibly he would say something rude on the first opportunity, said to Martin, “ You tell me.”

“ Yes,” said Martin.

“ And a mind ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Well, now, what sort of ‘ thing is your mind ’ ? I don't mean is it good or bad, or what is it in itself ; but is it this kind of thing, namely, that it can deal with many subjects ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Such as history and mathematics, for instance ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ And the part of it that deals with each is not quite the same ? I mean that when you

say twice two is four, the operation is not the same as when you criticise Hannibal?"

"No."

"A different part of the mind seems to work?"

"No," said Noton, "not in mine."

"Well, it works in a different direction?"

"Yes," said Martin.

"And in the direction in which it works it grows?"

"Yes," said Martin.

"And what is wanted in a mind is that it should move easily and quickly?"

"And correctly," said Noton.

"And correctly," said Mr. James, beaming upon him.

"Now how is it with the body? When one arm is lengthened and strengthened, would it not be better if the other were also? Or if you would like to have one arm longer than the other, you would prefer to have your legs levelly made, would you not? and not one leg weak or short and the other strong or long, say six feet long, and the other three, that wouldn't do?"

"No," said Martin, looking very deprecatingly at Noton.

"Well, now," said Mr. James, "there is one point in education—that it should be level. Will you remember that for me, Noton, when we sum up at the end? Thank you very much. And another point is that we should not try to learn a thing that we absolutely cannot learn?"

"No," said Martin.

"But we must not too hastily feel sure that we cannot learn?"

"No," said Martin.

"And we must learn as much as we can?"

"Yes," said Martin.

"Because thus we become Godlike? like the Holy Ghost?"

The boys were surprised and still.

"You don't think knowledge is goodness?"

"No," said Noton.

"And yet the Holy Ghost is goodness itself, and He is knowledge?"

"Wisdom," said Noton.

"Yes, that is true," said Mr. James. "I made a mistake, and the difference is that knowledge may be in a single matter, but wisdom is general and includes all matters, and it is wisdom that you mean that we need to be like the Holy Ghost?"



"Yes," said Noton, feeling his dignity vindicated.

"And this wisdom, being like that of the Holy Ghost, you mean is not to be of the intellect only, but it is to be a knowledge of good and evil also?"

"Yes," said Noton.

"I see," said Mr. James, "and thus it brings happiness; and only thus?"

"Yes," said Noton.

"I see," said Mr. James. "Well, then, about this and the English customs we are to learn; you remember. What are they? Do we fight?"

"Yes," said Noton.

"I mean, not does the country go to war? but do we here fight or expect to fight?"

"No," said Noton.

"You mean that we pay others to fight for us?"

"Yes," said Noton.

"We trade? or learn?"

"Yes," said Noton.

"And do what we can by learning, and trade, to increase our incomes?"

"Yes," said Noton.

"We must live?"

" Yes."

" And having food and raiment, must want more ? "

" Yes."

" Gold and silver, and fine linen ; and safety, in this world, and in the next ? "

" Yes," said Noton.

" These are our principles of life ? "

" Yes," said Noton.

" I see," said Mr. James. " And those help us to act on these who enable us to get them, who provide them cheaply for us, and enable us to travel sixty miles where once we travelled one, and in so short a time, with a smell, and a dust, and a jerking, and everybody getting out of our way ? "

" Yes," said Noton.

" But we shall make a hoot on a horn to tell them to get out, shall we ? or not ? "

" Perhaps," said Noton.

" And thus we shall live good Biblical lives ? "

" Yes," said Noton.

" Well, now, you see," said Mr. James, turning to the form, " these are our principles of life, and we profess to get them from the Bible. Now do you see that they will not do,

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and do you see that something more is needed in order to put life right? Something even more, in a way, than the Bible; namely, the right spirit of reading it. Because all these principles are selfish altogether; and yet they are those from which men are inclined to act now, and say that they are from the Bible. And not only now does the acceptance of the Bible fail to prevent mistakes. Three hundred years ago the most fanatical of the Puritans said that they were leading lives simply founded on the Bible: and they said this rightly; but their lives were founded, not on the whole of it, but only on parts, and they read the rest by the light of preconceived feeling which prevented them from profiting by it.

“Let me say a word about the Bible, the Holy Scriptures. They were written by men who were under the guidance of a Power under which many Englishmen who now read them are not, a Power personally not of knowledge so much as of wisdom, of perfect knowledge; they consequently had that in their hearts which many Englishmen who read what they wrote have not, and so read them with little profit. I will say presently what

I think that this is. Those who wrote the Holy Scriptures were friends of God ; many of those who read them now are friends of themselves, and with this preconceived feeling read what is written even to their own hurt, influenced only by the sayings which please them, sayings which induce them to try to obtain from religion primarily a feeling of safety, and thus never knowing what true religion is ; and they are positive that they are right, because of the source of the texts which influence them, and thus they are in the worst possible position—they make God teach them error. They commit something like the sin against the Holy Ghost, with infinite damage to their own natures.

“This is the fault which Noton and I and Martin seem to find with the position ; and it is not exactly that which is mentioned in this very able article, which Noton thought to be a just charge against some of the public schools, and perhaps not to be without a shell to split in our midst here, else, perhaps, Noton would not have written those verses against the writers whom we read here, and put them in last week’s ‘Alleynian.’ It was a sense of duty that impelled him to do this, or perhaps

it was only irony after all—to praise by over blaming—and double irony, to use Greek methods to vindicate Greeks by over blaming them.”

Noton sat inwardly resolving to be even with Mr. James somehow, even descending to the depth of planning to kick his shins at the Association game which Mr. James still played at times. Mr. James, only half conscious of his doom, went on—

“ Now what is it that I said is really wanted when people read the Bible ? Something that Noton said——” but here observing a really dangerous expression in Noton’s face, he knew that it was better to drop Noton out of the rest of the discourse.

“ It’s beastly unfair,” said Noton afterwards, “ for that little beast Jimmy to rot me in a form ; and I can’t answer him ! ”

“ I know that,” said Minet, who thought very highly of Mr. James.

“ I mean I can’t, because he won’t let me,” said Noton angrily.

“ Oh yes, he will,” said Minet.

“ No, he won’t,” said Noton. “ He’d report me to Jerry if I said what I meant, and called him a fool.”

"Perhaps he would," said Minet. "But that isn't it."

"Well, don't you come fooling me here," said Noton.

But all this was after school. "And now," Mr. James went on, looking at Noton no more, "what is wanted is a certain spirit, that spirit of which we spoke at the beginning: the spirit of moderation, of nothing too much. The remedy for the English trouble is to be found in the last place in which people of the present day seem inclined to look for it, namely, among the Greeks. To those who think themselves religious, who are religious in the way described above, religious in holding what they think is correct belief, who, however, only want safety from their religion, the Greeks are pagan; only not dangerous because they are uninfluential. To those who are called irreligious because they think for themselves and use the reason which many men think that they must obey because it is the highest thing they have, the Greeks are simply logomachists, and thus trivial and futile. But for all these misconceptions, perhaps only possible among the self-satisfied British people, it is among the Greeks that

the remedy for our mischiefs may be found. It is by a knowledge of the methods which the Greeks taught to the world—which contains very dull and unwilling pupils—that the right way to read the Bible is to be found.

“For among the Greeks were teachers who taught men to approach the problem of life in a very different way from that in which the British commonly approach it now, without the preconception that wealth brings happiness, and that a man gains happiness by pursuing it according to his uneducated nature, that pleasure and safety are primary goods, under all circumstances to be received in as large quantities as possible. These are foolish thoughts which only appeal to the half educated, and only have influence in Great Britain because many of the British are contented to be half educated or educated only that they may carry on trade successfully. Among the Greeks were men who approached the problem thus: they looked not at the world and its enjoyments, trying to get as much of them as they could, professing all the while for an hour or two in each week a contempt for them, and saying that their great Book taught them to behave themselves

thus—they looked on man himself and his nature, and carefully analysed it ; they noticed in what parts of it he was akin to plants and beasts, and what part of it he had as man ; they wished to have it all developed in full in all its parts, but in fulness according to measure and proportion, not without measure and proportion, each part retaining that position of priority and superiority which was indicated by its position in the grades and scale of life, vegetable, bestial, and human.

“ They found that the qualities of man as man were those that enabled him to live fully and healthily and in company with other men—purity, courage, patience, kindness, intelligence—to these they therefore assigned authority, not destroying the others, and not foolishly mistrusting intelligence because they feared for certain prejudices of their own if intelligence were allowed its way, but balancing it by a due development of all other qualities along with it. They recognised that they saw these great qualities, the hope and the salvation of the world, in the world in a finite state ; but they saw in the more and the less in which they were then seen, a suggestion that they might be magnified to infinity and



to perfection, and that in the far distance, a distance beyond the thought of man, they might be united. They believed that they were united in one great Being, where mercy was justice, and knowledge was power, and power was love, and all was perfect majesty and perfect beauty. It is one who has thought thus on life that may be trusted to read the Bible, though truly in the Bible is the purest religious thought in the world ; yet, as it is not every one who can feed his body rightly—indeed very few can manage to eat and drink what suits them—so it is not every one that can feed his soul rightly ; in fact, very few can manage to read rightly and think thoughts that are good. But among the Greeks are those who will show men how to read and how to think, if very humbly and thankfully men will allow them. To these is granted the vision of God as He is, not simply as a God of knowledge, and one kind of knowledge not simply as the Saviour of men's souls, but as He really is, a universal God ; these only can love God truly and praise Him truly, not only as the Saviour of men's souls—if this is all, He is never duly loved or praised—but as a Being of perfect power, love and

knowledge, each part of whose attributes must be apprehended by man, who saves men's lives if He will, or destroys them if He will; but either the one or the other rightly, and whether one or the other, man has no right to care, and no great wish to care. Such a man trusts God without any reservation, never even thinking, 'Will God bring me to Heaven?'

"This forgetfulness of self is necessary, as all men really know, to every noble character; it was fostered in Greece by the circumstances of the State, according to which each man was of necessity his city's servant, and upon whom continually the State made such demands that he could not forget his position. In the good days of Greece there was no abstention from public service, no advancement of the conduct of business or the enjoyment of wealth to the exclusion of civic and military duty; so that each Greek stood nearer than men know now how to stand, to the happiest position, that is, to the manliest position on earth, namely, that of loyal obedience to the best known commands; not for the sake of that which could be obtained by them, as indeed many a man yields his service now, only be-

cause he expects to be paid for it ; yielding service to God to obtain prosperity in this world and security in the next, and service to men to obtain money from them afterwards ; or paying taxes to the State to obtain security in the enjoyment of wealth, counting himself thus a most respectable citizen. But a Greek yielded his service because he admired and loved that to which he was a servant, and was in a measure identical with it, and honoured its commands because they were worthy of honour. And that they were worthy of honour he knew because he was a man, and capable of understanding that which was good ; capable of subordinating the poorer part of his own nature to the higher part ; capable of seeing a light shining in darkness, and knowing that it was a light ; capable, in other words, of possessing faith and exercising it.

“ And, indeed, as to knowledge, how shall a man reach great discoveries ; how shall he discover the fourth dimension of which men talk, and alter the condition of existence ? Men talk and write now as though this were to be done by the microscope and the telescope. What can these do ? How do they affect human life ? They do not necessarily

affect it so as to better it, because nothing can improve it excepting a movement towards goodness—triple goodness, goodness in power, love, and knowledge, each in equal proportion. The noblest thing in the world is man, and the world will be saved by developing the noblest part of the noblest thing in it, the manliness of man. Sanitation, great production, great power of locomotion, do not necessarily benefit man; they may even greatly harm him, because they make it more difficult for him to be unselfish, that is, to obey the highest law within him. A return to the old ideal is the necessary thing, to the ideal realised in theory and in fact also by the Greeks, the ideal of self-sacrifice and triple equalised development. An orderly movement in this direction, for it is really one, is the movement which will regenerate the world, and make the whole Bible understood; not the movement which simply calls for a practical modern education. The movement towards unselfishness takes a man out of himself; and it is the true movement for the world, because it is the true movement towards God, the movement which recognises Him not as a Judge only or a merciful Personage only, but

as a Being who either has no self or is all self, no body, no parts, no passions ; who is in fact His works, who lives in them and for them by His own great position, compelled by His own almightiness to do as He does. Why then should any one scrutinise too anxiously this or that part of the Bible ? why should one look too earnestly to this or that part of the narration in the Gospels ? If it was right for God to do as He is represented in the Bible to have done, then He did so, however imperfectly the facts may have been recorded, at however long a time after their occurrence, and by whatever scribe. If it was not right, then God did not so, whatever may be written and whosoever wrote it.

“ Here really is the fourth dimension, that which is in fact the removal of all other three dimensions, the removal of measure altogether, the absolute, the infinitive withdrawal from self towards real life ; a withdrawal at present apparently as impossible as a leap to another planet, or a disappearance into invisibility. Here is the renewal of human power, the purification of human conscience, the triumph of nature over circumstances and over death ; but it is just this that the operation of science,

as we have it now, is thwarting ; and just this that views of religion which multiply formalities and present talismans to man are paralysing.

“ It is not only speculation which shows that this is a true view of things ; history shows it too. All that is good in the world has been done by men who act under the influence of this spirit ; as soon as they begin to revolt from it, their work loses its value—the statesman who works for glory, the musician who thinks of himself, the speaker who pauses in the thought about what he is saying to think how he is saying it, becomes at once a mere vulgar person ; the conqueror becomes simply a wrecker in the world. However rich such men are, they are lost ; the greater their success, the greater their infamy. Men do not deal rightly with God ; they pray to Him to help them to succeed, all the more thus in their prayers remembering themselves ; they praise Him when they have been successful, all the more thus in their praises remembering themselves. They should pray to Him and praise Him because He is what He is, because they can to some extent, if they are willing, lose themselves, to find themselves in Him.

“ Now,” went on Mr. James, “ please make

a note on what I have said. It will come under these heads: First, What dangers to the country, and to individual life, do there seem to be in modern ways of regarding life? Secondly, What antidote to this may be found in Greek history and literature? Or, since you will not have time to make a note upon both properly, do the first now, and make me an essay on the second for next time."

The boys settled to their notes, and Mr. James settled into a condition of wondering whether he really had said anything which would do the boys good or not.

## CHAPTER V

MEANWHILE school was proceeding in various ways in the different form rooms and class rooms, and each form and class was receiving as much good as it cared to absorb, and in many cases much more. Each lesson, like every man's life, is a kind of drama ; and the interest of it consists in the variety of relations which throughout it occur between the master, the boys, and their work. In the higher forms as a rule the interest lies in the main in the advance of the boys under the direction of their master into the understanding of some author or some set of circumstances. But though this interest is not absent in lower parts of the school, yet it is often tempered by others. For instance, take the lesson this morning in the lower Fourth Engineers, and see the disappointment, unsuspected by every one, and unconnected with the proper development of instruction, which it brought to poor Kaffyn.



Kaffyn was a boy who had never been very industrious; he loved not his work for its own sake, that is, he never loved more than one-third of it, and the other two-thirds he treated as boys will treat that which they dislike. He was a nice boy, nevertheless, and for very good nature was inclined to do that which people wished him to do. His father did not pay much attention to his son's progress, being himself much occupied with business; but at last he remembered that the boy was fifteen years of age, and had not more than two more years to spend at school, and that if he did not learn more quickly than he was learning, would not be fit to take a good place in the world. Mr. Kaffyn was not able to give any prolonged attention to his son's work, and he was accustomed to buy what he wanted; and thus he simply promised his son a horse, if he were not kept in until the end of the term. Kaffyn went so far as to kiss his father for the promise, and both because he wished to please him, and also secondly because of the horse, he determined to do his work very well, both until the end of the term and afterwards. The first thing to be done was to collect his books. He pre-

vailed upon himself to ask Tomkyns and Jacob for the chemistry and the algebra that belonged to him, which they had been using and smudging throughout the term; and with a strange feeling in his heart he made a journey through the school, to find as many as he could of his other books. He knew the places where they were most likely to be, because he had himself often when he needed a book gone to these places, and not in vain, to find one. He visited the shelves behind the desks in the lower hall, and the organ loft, and many a dark corner, and recovered a certain quantity of his property, enough to make a kind of bridge over the gulf that lay between him and good work, though several planks were still missing. Among those which he found was one which he had not greatly missed, namely a history book, and on Friday night, like a good boy, he carefully learnt his history lesson; learnt it—not on the gravel shivering, not on the stairs waiting, not walking, not trying to combine learning with talking as he moved to school in company with his friend, the owner of the book which he was using—learnt it in no precarious uneasy way, but luxuriously, with plenty of time, seated

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and satisfied he had learned his lesson, and went to say it on this Saturday morning, rather missing, it may be, the interest of uncertainty, and rather embarrassed, as people are with a novelty, by his sense of knowledge.

Seated in front of his master, Mr. Harris, there he was with his companions, when Mr. Harris at eleven o'clock called upon the top boy for the book, and told the boys to get ready to do their slip.

Now what the lesson was had been written on the blackboard by Mr. Harris at two o'clock in the lower Fourth Engineers form room; but at three o'clock a master, who did not know what he was doing, had rubbed out the writing and written a sum in its place. Thus at four o'clock when the Fourth Engineers came in to see what their night work in history was, there was no writing to tell them. They had been led to expect that the place and quantity of their lesson would appear on the board, and not finding it there, they were at first astonished, and then inclined to be joyful, for one, Green, propounded the theory that they might take it that there was therefore no lesson for them to learn; that Mr. Harris, or old Solomon, as Green called him,

had—perhaps from motives of pity, perhaps from forgetfulness—omitted to set one. If the former was the case, which the sager and steadier boys doubted, Green argued that they ought not to balk him; if the latter, then Solomon should not complain if his carelessness came down upon his own head. There were some boys who suggested that it would be well to go to Mr. Harris' rooms, for he lived in the block, and ask what really was the position as viewed by him. But Green, who was a boy powerful in argument as well as in football, discountenanced this plan. He said that it was a mere accident that Mr. Harris lived so near, that the matter should be treated on principle, and that one rule applied to all masters wherever they lived; that boys could not be expected to go to a master's rooms, if he lived a mile away, and that therefore abstract justice demanded that the boys should simply accept the situation and go away.

Now Kaffyn had himself already gone away at four o'clock, knowing what the lesson was, because he had taken down at two o'clock what was written about it; but by the other boys the course recommended by Green was

ultimately adopted, with readiness by five boys, with misgivings more or less acute by about sixteen, and with annoyance by about six, who would really have preferred to learn the lesson and say it.

On the following morning then at eleven o'clock, from Mr. Harris' point of view the lesson was about to begin, but from the point of view to be presented to him by Green there was no lesson to begin. Mr. Harris said to Smith, who was at the head of the form, "Bring me up the book, and tell me what the lesson is."

Smith rose, and moved uneasily to the desk, with his eyes looking towards the ground. The eyes of the form turned from him to Green, who rose in his place, and said, "Please, sir."

"Sit down, Green," said Mr. Harris.

"Please, sir," said Green.

"Sit down," said Mr. Harris; and it was necessary for Green to sit down, at all events for a while. "What is the lesson, Smith?"

Smith hesitated and blushed, and said, "Please, sir, you didn't set any."

"Yes, I did," said Mr. Harris. "I wrote it on the board at two o'clock."

"It wasn't there, sir, when we came at four," said Smith.

"No, sir." "No, sir," said many boys, and among them Green.

"Well," said Mr. Harris, "that is very awkward." The boys felt relieved. "But what have you learned?"

"Nothing, sir," said Smith speaking doggedly, partly because he thought his position unfair, and partly because he was in fact saying something which was not true.

"Nothing!" said Mr. Harris, looking surprised and then angry.

"He thought——" said Green, rising.

"Sit down," said Mr. Harris, and Green sat down, feeling now that Mr. Harris was decidedly unjust, because he would not hear the other side, which every one knows should always be done.

"Why didn't you go straight on?" said Mr. Harris.

"You, sir, told us you would set us a lesson in another part," said many boys readily.

"So I did," said Mr. Harris, "but I told you I meant to set the Commonwealth. Did you learn that?"

There was no answer, but presently one boy,

who had not taken Green's view as fully as Green thought proper, said, "There are two places where the Commonwealth begins, sir."

Mr. Harris looked at the book and said, "I don't think that you need have been misled by that. The beginning is really plain enough ; and did any of you come to my rooms to ask me ? But I know that you did not, because I was there."

Now was the time for Green to deliver the argument which he had elaborated, taking in fact more time about it than it would have taken him to learn the lesson.

"Please, sir," he began, again rising in his seat, feeling that much depended on him.

"Sit down, Green," said Mr. Harris.

"But, *sir*," said Green.

"No," said Mr. Harris. "If there is anything to say, let the top boy say it."

Green sat down in great indignation. The view of history presented by their history book was adverse to King Charles, and represented Pym in a favourable light ; and it occurred to Green, who had a mind apt at allusion, that he himself was like Pym, and that Mr. Harris, like Charles, deserved execution. But since he was a strong Conservative, and also

on principle differed from the history book, he at once drove this idea from him and contented himself with generally rebellious feelings, while the form looked on in dismay, because the top boy was the miserable Smith, who could not argue with anybody, and was more than suspected of collusion with the adversary.

Then Mr. Harris said, "I see how this is. Is there any one who has learnt a lesson?"

Now Kaffyn had learnt his lesson, and had a good reason for saying so—for his father was a business man without much sentiment, and also Kaffyn really desired to please him—but he felt it right to remain silent, and not separate himself from his company. And Smith and four others had learnt a lesson, but they had a good reason for not saying so, for Green was looking at them with an eye full of prophecy. So no one made any sign. Poor Mr. Harris was much to be pitied: he was in a position in which he felt it necessary to become awry with the boys, though he had expected with pleasure a pleasant lesson; and he said, "You will learn the lesson now, and come and say it after 4.15 on Monday. The work which you do now will be instead



of the work which you should have done last night, and the lesson itself will be on Monday from 4.15 to 5.15."

He then relapsed into silence, and the boys turned sullenly to their books.

"What could I have done?" said Mr. Harris to himself as the horrible hour dragged on. "Nothing. And when will these boys be as they were? Probably at 4.45 on Monday, when I suddenly let them all go."

And "What a confounded nuisance!" said Kaffyn to himself, as he pretended to scan the words already quite familiar to him.

In other rooms work was going on in various ways, in some well, in some badly, according, as it appeared superficially, to many incalculable circumstances, but in reality governed by one factor almost entirely.

Perhaps the least satisfactory lesson was taught in that classroom where poor old Mr. Rubeley took a German class. In this room were both Carter and Hyde, and Gillett with them, who in their present mood were not a pleasant addition to any master's company. Carter and Hyde were prefects, and their position restrained them from allowing their conduct to be bad enough to report; but

it was known well enough in the classroom that they were pleased rather than vexed if there was any lack of discipline. This was very hard upon poor old Rubeley; he was very unwilling to complain of anybody, and he had his own ideas about the duties of a master, and his power to control boys. Once this power had been his, when his step was firmer and his voice clearer; but now he shuffled rather than walked, and all that was left of his voice was hesitating.

It seemed strange to him, and he hardly realised that things were as they were, for once—though he never spoke of the past, being a very modest man—once he had been actually the best half-back in the Association game in all wide England, and had played for England in the international matches for one year. Want of money had prevented him from playing longer, and he had quite dropped out of football and the thoughts of those who had played it for many a year. He was not a University man, and wore no gown, and so naturally seemed less able to teach than his colleagues. In the thirty years that had passed since he played his football, his limbs, once so quick and accurate, had become

trembling ; his eye once so clear, and so good a judge of space, could hardly see to the end of the form room.

Once, a year ago, he had seen some little boys in the upper Third forms playing the dribbling game in a small game behind the music rooms ; and after standing and watching them for a few minutes, he had called to the best player of them, and said to him, " Johnson, would you like to know the secret of learning to dribble ? "

If he had asked Johnson whether he would like to know how to shoot tigers, Johnson could hardly have been more astonished. But he said, with a hopeless feeling of contempt, " Yes, sir."

" Well, then," said Mr. Rubeley, " it is this : go quicker and not more slowly as you near a man, and do not wind about, but go straight."

" Yes, sir," said the boy, and went back to his companions, and so full was he of what he thought was a good joke, that he could not wait until Mr. Rubeley was out of sight before he collected the players about him and told it to them. Poor old Rubeley heard them all laugh, and his football recollections all shrunk

back into him again. Continually, as boys did not behave well in his classes, he feared that it was time for him to give up teaching ; but he did not like to acknowledge this to himself ; it seemed as though, if he gave it up, his life would go also. Thus he kept on ; but he had a bad time of it, only hoping by care and kindness to manage each term better than the last.

But little improvement came ; sometimes he found himself teaching a good-hearted set of boys, who listened to him and learnt from him the good lessons which he had to teach, but more often the boys, in most cases from thoughtlessness more than anything else, were very hard upon him. Very often the sweat would break out upon his forehead in his trouble, and as he wiped it away with his handkerchief the boys would wink to each other, for Rubeley was, as they said, " Having a rounder." And once a week, at least, on the wall outside his door they drew a picture of this operation taking place, which, as long as it was allowed by the porter to remain there, much pleased the various classes that came up to these rooms to be taught.

The tradition to annoy him, or to " rag



him," as it was called, grew rather than diminished, and often before he descended his stairs it was necessary for him to wipe away, not perspiration only, but tears, when the boys had gone and he was left alone in his room. The class which he took this morning he took with much dislike, because he understood the position of affairs with regard to the influence of the prefects in it; and on this morning in particular he feared some trouble, because it was the day of the match, and the football captain would, Mr. Rubeley feared, feel more than usual his own importance and that of football, and the boys would follow him in their thoughts. And so indeed it was. German was the subject of the lesson. But it seemed not possible to introduce it, for the boys were determined to talk not of German but of football.

"If you please, sir," said Gillett, almost as soon as he had seated himself, "what is the German for football?"

Poor Mr. Rubeley hesitated, and then Hyde said in a very polite manner, "I expect Mr. Rubeley does not know what a football is."

"A football, sir," said Gillett, "is an oblong

piece of leather tightly distended by an India rubber balloon, I may call it, which is laced inside it."

"And," said Merryweather, "it is blown up thus for the purpose of being kicked about the field, by two sides."

Different boys followed, volunteering different statements of different rules, and at last Gillett rose up and said, "Perhaps, sir, you would like us to show you how the game is played." At this two or three boys rose in their places, and having crumpled up two or three sheets of paper together, made as if they would actually play in the room. There was a considerable tumult, above which Mr. Rubeley's weak voice could not make itself heard. But Hyde, who was afraid that things were going too far, and wished also to establish a good character for himself, called out loudly above the noise, "Be quiet." The boys were all quiet directly. And Hyde said, "If Mr. Rubeley does not know what football is, it is perhaps his misfortune more than his fault. Perhaps, when he was young, football was not played much." It cannot be said that Hyde was quite a nice boy; but he had in fact allowed himself to forget that he owed any duty even of

courtesy to Mr. Rubeley. The lesson then proceeded in quiet, Mr. Rubeley saying very little, and the boys went rather guiltily away, feeling uncertain as to what would happen to them. Some of them feared that they would be reported, and thus not see the match ; and some of them had that sense of dissatisfaction which most boys have when discipline at school is not maintained. Mr. Rubeley stopped a little longer than usual in his room this morning when the boys had gone away ; and wrote a letter which he had no difficulty in wording, for indeed he had often during the term half framed it in his mind. It ran as follows :

“DEAR MASTER,—I am very sorry that I know I ought to resign my position here, because I cannot control the boys properly. I am very much obliged to you, my dear Master, for the kindness with which you have always treated me, and I am, yours very truly,

“E. C. RUBELEY.”

He went downstairs thoughtfully and quietly, and put the letter in the box in the hall. So that the first act of the tragedy in his life might

be considered to be over. The world for him was likely to be different from a stage, in this point : that plays of ordinary life generally end well, but in his life, which was ordinary enough, painful things were likely to come more and more thickly until the end of it.



## CHAPTER VI

AT one o'clock the schoolrooms, so quiet before, became full of stir ; the gravel and the paths, so empty before, became crowded with boys. From all forms and all kinds of work they came. From the junior schoolrooms, and from the drill serjeant's care, under which they had been taught to poise their bodies and hold them as is best for their health and comeliness, the junior boys poured, with slightly more demonstration than their seniors. From the drawing rooms boys came, where they had learned to observe things accurately, and to represent what they had observed, and, it may be, had received into their souls ideas of gracefulness and beauty, of the reception of which they had hardly been conscious ; from the mathematical rooms, where they had insinuated their minds into all the intricacies of shape and calculation ; from the chemistry rooms, where they had heard their lecture, and they had gone to their experiments, and watched carefully the

operations of Nature, while things generally separated by her were placed together, operations which they would presently describe in note-books, with drawings of the apparatus which they had used. Most of the substances of the earth came before them, each in its order, and they learnt the nature of each, learnt and wondered, filled with interest and enthusiasm. And from the physical rooms, where they had been learning the laws under which light and heat and electricity work in the world, and the characteristics of material of many kinds, what strain it would bear, under what conditions it rested and under what it moved, measuring and weighing, boiling and cooling, pulling and recording, a busy and a steady set of workers, hot with that fever, most wholesome and most pleasant, the fever to know ; and from the biology rooms, where they had been examining the conditions of life, in animals and in plants, with knife and microscope, again altering and watching and drawing and recording.

Happy boys, and they knew that they were happy, to whom some of the secrets of nature were being unfolded, who passed from one piece of knowledge to another, gathering facts

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into systems, and illustrating systems by facts ; learning the meaning of that which they saw taking place piecemeal under their eyes every moment as they lived. Many fancies of the poets faded for them, no doubt. The everlasting hills, the personality of the pale cold moon, or the bridegroom sun, these became only trivialities to them, the nymphs left the streams, and the wind had no tongue to tell a tale to them. For the poetry of the new learning has not yet come—a wider, bigger, broader poetry than that which we know now, spreading its allusions beyond the mere fancies of man. But these boys learnt something of the truth, and truth reached by reasoning labour ; and great is the truth. Happy were they in making this great friend their own ; and they knew of their happiness ; and if a stranger entered their room, they marked their work still, and not the stranger. And happier still were they, if with all their knowledge they remembered its limits, and knew where they really were in regard to the great hierarchy of the sciences.

And from the language rooms the boys came, where the principles of speech had been unfolded to them, with all the principles of thought

on which they depend, and all that the great thinkers among mankind have said upon the morals and the politics of their fellows, and the relation of man to God. Wonderful places, indeed, are all schools now. Wonderful is the wealth of opportunities they give, compared with that which they gave fifty years ago; the one has become the many, and the many is suited to every kind of mind, and with thought and care each master suits himself and his subject to the minds of those who learn with him.

Wonderful indeed are schools, but not perfect yet, nor will the perfecting of them come by the multiplication of examinations. If there are examinations, teachers will teach for them; and a teacher who teaches for examinations is in danger of becoming like a man who works simply for money, from out of whose work much of that which is really valuable disappears. And the boy who learns for examinations is seldom educated. Most of that which is really valuable goes out of his work also. At present, too, with the multiplication of examiners comes another danger—the danger that men will be exalted into the position of examiners who are not fit to hold it. Men of fads, men

merely mechanical, men of insufficient knowledge, men who love power, men who love to say cutting things, men without instinct, men without industry or conscience. Perhaps the hardest of all things is to examine well, and in proportion to the difficulty of examining well is the difficulty of getting good men to do it.

Out of school and into the hall and to their homes and houses the boys trooped for dinner, each one making for his fellow, that boy or those boys, whose friendship will make one of the great joys of his life. And poor Attwater went to watch for Hyde and Carter.

Hyde and Carter were too busy with the coming game, and with the Tonbridge boys, to have much time to speak to Attwater; nevertheless he made some little opportunity for this pleasure. He liked to be seen with these two boys, they were boys of influence in the school, and were boys of the kind of whom Attwater was afraid. They cared very little for masters or for rules, and Attwater secretly cared a great deal; their lessons to them were a secondary concern, and to Attwater his lessons were a primary concern. He was very much afraid of being considered by them weak-minded, and a prig, and he affected in

their company the tone of a man of the world without much regard for law and order, and willing to break every rule of the school. He went up to the group of Tonbridge boys with whom they were standing after lunch at about a quarter past two, and began to talk of the University match.

"This football," he said, "seems tame after 'Varsity football."

"Have you seen much?" said the Tonbridge boy to whom he spoke. "I haven't, excepting when a College team came down to play us."

"I saw some when I went up to Oxford last week, and I hope to see some next week."

"When?" said the boy.

"The 'Varsity match," said Attwater, "we mean to go."

"Will you be allowed?" said the boy, "will you get leave?"

"I don't think we shall ask," said Attwater, looking at Hyde, a little uncertainly, as he fancied that Hyde did not like the subject.

"How shall you manage?" said the Tonbridge boy.

"I expect I shall be unwell," said Attwater with a laugh.

The Tonbridge boy did not seem to be much

impressed, and looked, as Attwater looked, at Hyde.

Hyde said, "I dare say we shall go, but I don't exactly know how. I want to see the match."

"I should like to," said the Tonbridge captain. "I've got a brother playing; but of course I can't."

Hyde seemed desirous to drop the subject; but one of the groups of smaller boys standing admiringly around heard the dialogue, and went away spreading this piece of news among others more closely connected with the afternoon. So interesting did it seem that the boys listened to it, and heard that Attwater and Hyde and some others meant to see the University match; and that Attwater meant to sham being ill in order to get away.

"Attwater is a beastly fool," said Kaffyn, who had recovered his interest in things at one o'clock, "and if he comes talking to me, as he did yesterday, I shall tell him so. I hate a prefect who talks like that; he has no business to be a prefect or to be here."

"Hyde is going, they say," said another boy.

"Hyde can play at football," said Kaffyn,

"and Attwater can't. I don't believe Hyde is going," he added, after a pause.

"Yes, he is," said Ellis; "I heard him tell Grant so in the interval to-day, and I don't think Grant liked it."

"What did he say?" asked Kaffyn.

"It was him and Carter talking, and Hyde said he was going to get a telegram and go on the strength of it; and Carter was going to be out of school and go."

"I don't believe he will go," said Kaffyn, "and anyway Attwater is a beast. He goes bragging about and doing everything he thinks will please Hyde."

"I shouldn't think it would please Hyde to have Attwater come," said Ellis. "I wouldn't go with Attwater anywhere even if he wanted me to. He's such an ass."

"What did Grant say?" asked Kaffyn.

"He didn't say anything. But afterwards he didn't speak a word about the match or say anything. He just stood still for a minute without speaking and then he walked off. And the Old Man looked out of the window and sent for Hyde and Carter, as if he had heard them."

"I wish he had," said Kaffyn. "It's a



beastly thing to do, I think. That's Gunter, their three-quarter back ; and that's Tremayne, the half-back. I expect Grant will settle him ; but Gunter got two tries against Bedford."

And so on went the conversation, until presently, as three o'clock came near, the boys all collected in a ring round the field, and the referee appeared, and looked at its bearings, and the great ring was formed two or three deep and more in many places all round the football ground.

## CHAPTER VII

MR. JAMES was one of the gentlest mannered men, and a keen lover of football too, that is of school football. He was a strong patriot, and since the struggles of the year in the outdoor life of the school were those in which it was matched against another school in cricket or football, these match days caused in him the most intense interest. About five minutes before the game began he usually took his place at a corner of the ground, and there he was wont to stay, saying nothing, hardly ever applauding ; but when a good piece of play was done by one of the Dulwich side he smiled, and tightened his lips, and his face reddened. He did not care to talk to any one during the course of the match, excepting perhaps one or two of the masters who quite understood him, and one or two of the boys ; but as a rule he said never a word. He had played both cricket and football in his day of twenty years ago, and knew the points of both games.

On this day at 2.55 he appeared at the corner of the field, ready to look at the game, but with a feeling that the excitement of looking at it would be too great to be pleasant. For the ten years during which he had been at Dulwich it had been his habit to stand here, and his interest had grown with each year, as he identified his happiness more and more completely with the happiness of the school. But he had not taken his place for two minutes before something happened which made him uneasy. He had good eyes for such occurrences, because they made him miserable. He saw a young man detaching himself from the crowd about thirty yards away, and moving with what Mr. James felt to be a threatening step in his direction. If this was not the object of his movement, thought Mr. James, why should he move at all? Why stir from his excellent place? Mr. James glared at the field, but with the side of his eyes he could see the movement still going on, becoming more threatening with every step. Mr. James still glared upon the field, and began to take the precautionary measure of stirring a little from his position, so that he might not be absolutely caught and fixed in one spot. A quarter of a minute more

and he was aware that the young man was smiling.

Mr. James had often said that the least pretence is deceit, and the least deceit is objectionable. But was he not now pretending that he did not see this young man? The young man lifted his hat; Mr. James feigned to observe the field only. Mr. James had sunk very low. He must, according to his theories, pay a penalty, either a smaller one now, or a greater one hereafter. The young man formed up in front of him, and Mr. James must see him and shake his hand, not knowing who he is, with a horrible certainty that his tongue was long, else he would not have acted as he was acting.

"You do not remember me?" he says.

"I do not, I am ashamed to say," says Mr. James. "Who is it?"

"Planter," says the young man.

"Oh, Planter!" says Mr. James, very guiltily, remembering Planter, a senior boy at Ingleton school eleven years ago; perhaps not a bad boy, as a boy, but how very inopportune was his arrival! Planter no doubt lived miles away; this was not a visit of two minutes or of ten, it was a serious matter. Planter, no doubt, knew no one on the ground;

no doubt he had come to see Mr. James ; no doubt he would stay to tea. Mr. James felt utterly dismayed.

"I hoped I should find you here," said Planter pleasantly. "I went to your rooms, they told me you were here."

"How often," thought Mr. James, "have I told the servants not to do this, at least hinted it to them ; for they are so clumsy that if I told them too strongly they would be offensive, and make me seem so ; and anything almost is better than that."

"Yes," said he, really genially if the position be properly considered ; so genially at all events that Planter thought the welcome satisfactory.

"I thought you would have little to do on a half holiday afternoon," went on Planter.

"Yes," said Mr. James again.

"So I came."

"Yes," said Mr. James.

"Shall I," thought Mr. James, "ask him to tea now, and he will go away till then ? But of course he will come to tea in any case. Shall I tell him to go away, and come again in an hour ? But I shall not be happy with him operating on me from a distance all through the match ; and of course he won't

want really to see the match at all. I wonder if he would like to see the pictures. If he would only like that, it would do."

He said, "You have been to Dulwich before?"

"No," said Planter.

"It is rather abrupt," thought Mr. James, "but it must be done in some way, for the teams are nearly on the ground."

Then he said aloud, "Most people come some time, to see the pictures. Would you like to?"

He stopped short, feeling that he would be bound to take Planter himself to see the pictures, as things stood. But Planter didn't care for pictures. He had come simply to have a talk with Mr. James.

"How very annoying," thought Mr. James.

"And," said Planter, "since you have nothing to do, you may as well talk to me here out in the open air."

"Oh yes," said Mr. James ruefully, as the teams were stripping. "And how are you getting on?"

"Oh, very well," said Planter. "I'm in the Town Council of my town, and I'm Chairman of the School Board. You always inculcated in me that it was right to perform civic duties, and so I became a candidate for

the Council and was elected, and am now, in fact, Mayor—the youngest Mayor in the kingdom but one.”

“Yes, indeed,” said Mr. James, “how very nice.” As the boys took their places. “And who is the youngest? and how old are you? and Mrs.—ah!—Mayor——”

The ball was kicked off, and the most interesting—but it is of no use to write of the interest in connection with poor Mr. James, for he couldn’t enjoy it.

Planter looked rather surprised at Mr. James’ incoherency, but he was not easily put out. “Oh yes,” he said, “I am, in fact, married.”

“Indeed,” said Mr. James, “how nice, and have you any—Mayors—I mean children?”

“Oh yes,” said Planter, “and I wanted to ask you about them. The eldest boy has just recovered from the measles.”

“Oh dear!” said Mr. James.

“But he is not really well yet; would you press him in his work?”

“No, I think not,” said Mr. James,

“What would you put him to work at?” said Planter.

“Oh, almost anything,” said Mr. James, “that’s wholesome. You’ll come to tea, and we can talk about it.”

"Yes," said Planter, "but I am afraid I must go at 4.30. He is a nice boy."

"No doubt," said Mr. James heartily, straining his eyes to see what was happening in the far corner of the field.

"But not strong."

"No doubt," said Mr. James.

"But quite quick. I don't say it because I am his father, but every one who sees him says so. He can read Cæsar now."

"Dear me!" said Mr. James.

"That's very good for a boy of nine," said Planter.

"Oh, very good," said Mr. James; not really knowing what it was that was good, but making up for his ignorance by mechanical heartiness.

The case of the boy, the first-born Planter, occupied the next quarter of an hour; and then it appeared that Planter had written a book. "Planter!" thought Mr. James roused by the monstrosity of the thing into semi-consciousness of what Planter was saying. It was so. Planter! a book designed to place the local government of England in its proper place in relation to all other governments, from the government of the spheres to that of the young Planters. The work was a long one, and



began with a sketch of authority in general, in regard to those who exercise it and those upon whom it is exercised. Planter, in a voice rendered husky by an hour's continuous use, had reached the end temporarily of an analysis of this prologue, and was pausing for Mr. James' comments upon it when the clock struck 4.15 and the end of the match came, and Mr. James, feeling like a discharged battery, took Planter down to the station.

"I've had a most pleasant afternoon," said he.

"I'm very glad of that," said Mr. James; "and that is one good thing certainly."

"I'll come again some half holiday; I dare say I shall always find you on the ground or somewhere about."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. James thoughtfully, but of what he was thinking Planter did not guess. Planter never even as a boy knew what any one thought of him, and as a man he went further in the direction of ignorance, and always knew wrongly.

But though poor Mr. James hardly saw the match owing to Planter, yet it had gone on from beginning to end to the huge joy of most of the rest of the spectators.

## CHAPTER VIII

It is an anxious as well as a proud moment for the team when it goes out stripped, and wearing, each boy his highest colours, to play a great school football match. Into the sixty-five minutes that follow are to be crammed as abundant a measure of struggle as in any sixty-five minutes of ordinary life. The boys in hundreds, with many spectators besides, stand around the whole space, each one full of strong sympathy, all of them wishful for one side or the other to win, eager, unable to spare a thought to anything else on earth. Their talk is all of what is to come, of speculation, and news with regard to either team, the state of the ground, the toss, the wind, and many other circumstances. The ring is round the field composed almost entirely of sympathisers with the home team, but there is in one part of the ground a knot of supporters of the other. They have come, some fifty in number—boys now belonging to the other

school, or old boys once belonging to it—to see the game, and to cheer their own side.

The clock strikes three. The teams walk from the pavilion to the corner of the field, to the great delight of all who see them going and know that the game is about to begin, and away from the field the boys in the extra lesson hear the strokes of the clock and fancy to themselves what is being done, and wish that what is were otherwise. They look at the master taking them, with a little feeling of bitterness, identifying him with the system which has brought them there ; and he thinks of them with a little feeling of bitterness, thinking, “ If these boys had not been, one ‘ very idle ’ another ‘ impertinent ’ and so on, I might have seen what they and I both want to see.”

Outside every one sees, the boys run from the buttery, the last dressers run from the bath block and the pavilion ; the College servants appear at the windows, and there is a round of applause as the Tonbridge team steps away from the hutch where they have left their coats and mufflers and honour caps, a group of fifteen lithe, free-stepping boys, in red and white jerseys, and red and white

stripes to their dark blue knickerbockers, and red and white stockings. They are carefully and even reverently scanned, and every one looks eagerly and speaks little. In half a minute or less there is a louder round of applause, and a cheer from almost the whole ring, as the Dulwich boys step out from the trees, and over the ropes and into the ground, dressed in the familiar black and blue, the sight of which is dear to every Dulwich boy.

The players range themselves, and it is seen that we are to kick up hill at first ; the ball lies yellow in the centre of the ground, Carter lifts his hand, the opposing captain lifts his hand in answer, and Carter advances to the ball—and kicks. From all the field there rises a shout, and the game has begun. The ball is caught by the three-quarter back, and he runs—good gracious, how he runs ! who can stop him ? He is round the forwards and nearly out in the open beyond them, when Grant hurls himself upon him, 9 stone 10 to 12 stone, and down he comes. What a cheer rose from all the ground ! The people in the road echoed it ; those in the train standing in the station heard it, and wished they had seen what caused it. And those in the extra

lesson heard it, and thought, " Was it a try ? " Presently from the scrimmage, the two half-backs, Grant, and James, the boy whose digestion had not been quite satisfactory that morning, instead of passing to the three-quarters, whom the others were watching, seeing an opening advanced with a pretty piece of passing, and actually between them slipped in before the backs had well taken their eyes from Hyde, whom they had been taught to dread.

The delight of the field and the team was frantic. The bigger boys shouted, and the smaller ones screamed really almost mad with joy ; then they stopped their shouting, and watched while James lay down and Hyde came forward to take the kick. There was a moment of suspense and silence, though the boys saw the ball fly straight towards the posts, until the whistles sounded ; and then again and again the cheering rose, and little boys could be seen jigging with delight ; and some, turning, slapped their friends on the back, and then jiggered again.

Ten minutes play, and a goal already ! The field was set again ; and now the Tonbridge boys kicked off ; and then again that long-

legged runner, who moved like a greyhound, was away with the ball ; one pass to his half-back and away again, with the ball returned to him, away round the scrimmage, and up towards the upper corner of the field ; he passed the knot of Tonbridge boys on his way, and they cheered him well I promise you, and louder and louder their shouts sounded discordantly to Dulwich ears, as he rounded the whole field, and dodged the back and grounded the ball, but up in the very corner of the field. The kick was too hard for a goal and the game stood 5 to 3.

But Hyde changed his field, and set a boy, clever, quick, and plucky, to watch this player, and charged him to see that whatever happened he came not through again. And well did the boy, who was our good friend Coggan, do as he was told. His absence was felt in the pack, and he himself longed greatly to be there ; but he did not even move a step towards it, but, independent of all formation, in due relation to the scrimmage and the Tonbridge player, he moved, his eye upon both, his teeth set, and even his hand clenched, as he thought of what he had to do. The Tonbridge three-quarter back felt himself marked, and

knew that he should not have such another run again as that which he had just had. He looked at the other's limbs and watched his springy movements, and knew that he could run; but so could he himself, and he felt fresh and sound, and longed for the chance which would show whether his pace or the other's was the better. Three times he thought he had it; but each time Grant or James, whose play was splendid, flung themselves beyond the scrimmage and spoiled the pass; but at last, the fourth time, it came again, and a hum of apprehension went round the field as it was seen that again he had the ball, and without a moment's pause he started at a great speed, with another three-quarter racing close behind him, to make his run. The forwards paused, the Tonbridge forwards stood nearly still, it was their rest now; they knew the three-quarters' play, and it never failed. They stood a moment and watched with rising joy, while the Dulwich forwards watched also uneasily, moving sideways back, trouble written on their faces. The passing began and the Dulwich tacklers seemed nowhere. Grant missed his cast, and save for a long stagger Hyde was passed. "Where is

Coggan?" thought he. There he is, and Hyde half smiled to see him in the place to which he had crossed at a scamper, and stood, hands out, bent and ready, in the direct line along which the two three-quarters must go. And near him stood the back, more easy in his mind because thus supported.

"Now!" screamed Hyde: and now at the Tonbridge boy sprang Coggan; not ran, but sprang, and hurled himself like a projectile low upon him, and down he came! Coggan had missed the ball, but it fell forward. The back could have taken it, though the other Tonbridge three-quarter was close upon him; but the whistle blew, and the danger was finished in this way, and each boy breathed more freely.

It was now half-time, and the thirty boys threw themselves on the ground to rest. Each boy felt glad to rest; for both forwards and outsides had done their duty well; the forwards on each side none the less for the fact that their work had not been showy. In five minutes the whistles were blown, and they stood up again, ready and eager with the end now in sight, each boy determined to play until there was no more play left in him.



No need for the weaker to husband any strength ; in point of time it was thirty minutes now before them, not sixty ; and at the end of the thirty each boy had but to live, and trust to the future to bring him back to his old power of strength and movement ; and meanwhile he must play, play with his head and his body and his legs, play with all his might. And play he did ; each forward holding up the scrimmage until it seemed a mass of stone and not of living boys, each outside watching and seizing and tackling and running like a deer.

Grant and James were good beyond all the rest, making no mistake, working like one machine and not two boys, and feeding the three-quarters in a faultless way ; and Coggan was wary and watchful and played with his head, scheming in the most strategic manner, so that the line was not again fairly broken ; and the Tonbridge boys on their side each did their duty, like upright manful football players.

Then upon the field, to the joy of the Dulwich boys, at last the quarter past four chime sounded ; the whistles were blown long and loud. " No side," was called, and in an instant the whole ring was broken, each boy

running with all his might to the clump of trees, and standing there and making a lane for the players to pass. All the boys cheered themselves hoarse as the players came. Again and again they roared their joy, and then seizing—each group a player—they bore him shoulder high to the buttery and laid him down again to comfort his thirsty soul. Then having cheered the Tonbridge boys, the crowd dispersed to talk about the match and say that never had a better match been played ; and so indeed said the referee. He had seen some hundred matches, but none played more sternly from the start to the finish, without hitch or snivel or shirking or complaint.

## CHAPTER IX

AFTER the match there was the dinner in Hall, pleasant to the Dulwich team, which played the generous host very well, praising the play of their opponents. Indeed it is easy for a winning side to give this praise ; and pleasant for a losing side to receive it. Each member of the Dulwich team felt himself drawn more closely to the other members of it, as is always the case between men or boys when they have in company done their duty. Hyde had been proud of his team, with which he had taken much pains ; and he and Carter were both delighted with the play of Grant and James and Coggan. After dinner followed the walk to the station with the Tonbridge boys, and the set off ; and then as the boys walked back from the station, Hyde said to Grant and James, " You two fellows can get your colours."

The three boys were walking together, and with them were also Carter and Gillett, who had his colours already and had played well

in the scrimmage on that day. Grant was silent for a moment, and then he said to Hyde, taking James by the arm, "Will you and Carter just come here a minute?"

The four left Gillett on the path, and drew away into the roadway, where also Coggan was walking with the other prefect in his house. Grant said, his heart beating rather fast, and with a slight tremor in his voice at first but very steadily afterwards, "Hyde, I will not take any colours from you, unless you give up your plan for Monday."

"What do you mean?" said Hyde, while Carter felt both angry and ashamed.

"I mean this," said Grant, quite steadily now. "You are going to do on Monday, and so is Carter, what a prefect ought not to do, and what will upset the prefects' authority. I can't stop you; but if you do it, I won't consider you a prefect or captain, or have anything in any way to do with you."

"It's no business of yours," said Hyde, in a dangerous kind of way.

"Yes, it is," said Grant; "I'm a prefect and captain of the school, though now I don't wish to be, and I won't have the school upset, and mischief done like this, if I can help it."

"You can't help it," said Hyde.

"I know that," said Grant, "but I can do as I said, and I will; I won't take my colours from you, or treat you as a prefect in any way, if you do it. You shall have no patrol."

"So much the better," said Hyde.

"You oughtn't to say so," said Grant, "and I won't play under you in the team, now that the school matches are done, nor will Coggan nor James, and I shall write to Seymour and tell him what I have done and why, if he brings the team of old boys."

Hyde hesitated. He expected Carter to speak in fury, but Carter did not; Hyde wondered why. He did not himself know what to say. There were many good points about the boy, only they were overlaid by his overpowering love of football, which made him forget many things which he knew quite well. On that afternoon he had felt his heart warm towards his own team, and his own school football, which the praise of the referee had greatly exalted in his heart. Moreover he liked Grant personally and wished to be friendly with him; he felt that Gillett, with whom he was going and who was in a measure directing him in this matter without his own knowledge, was

not so fine a fellow as Grant ; he was a little nervous also about the result of the whole matter if he were found out, as it was always possible he should be. And lastly and chiefly he knew that Grant was in the right. He seemed to understand, as Grant spoke, what was the proper thing for a prefect to do, and how mischievous it was if he did not do it. If Carter had spoken angrily and supported the design which he had once had in his mind, Hyde might have felt bound to support it too. But Carter was silent. Hyde had no power to read character, and he did not understand Carter's silence ; but in fact Carter felt as Hyde did, that they had been in the wrong, though his feeling was more personal, and depended much upon the affection he felt for certain masters who had been very kind to him when he had been very ill a term or two ago, and towards whom he felt that, if he did this thing, he would be a kind of traitor.

Thus while the two boys faced the three boys who were all in some trepidation for the future, but steady in their resolve, there was silence, and then Hyde looked at Carter ; and then he said, turning to Grant, " All right, I will not go."

"Nor I," said Carter.

"That's all right," said Grant, "and thank you for my colours."

Attwater came up behind, and walked with them. He said to Carter, "The referee buttered your play awfully; he said you must have seen a lot of good football."

Now Carter had not seen any football excepting at Dulwich, and all he knew about the game had been taught by Mr. Knight, who lay behind Hyde as the coach of the team. "We shall see some more on Monday," said Attwater, for he had that afternoon settled it with his conscience and with Hyde to go on Monday.

"I'm not going," said Hyde shortly, "so you can go alone," he added rather grimly, for he understood how the matter lay with Attwater.

The boys all went on together, turning their backs on Attwater, whose way lay in the other direction, and no one said "good-night" to him.

He slowly and sorrowfully went to his home to meditate for twenty-four hours upon the changes that occur in the relations of men in this world.

## CHAPTER X

THE day at Dulwich was nearly finished; the darkness had long settled on the deserted playing fields; the clump of trees, the bath block, the pavilion, where boys had swarmed like bees in the afternoon, were nothing now but shapes rising darkly into the air, and the grass seemed now only a sheet of lighter colour spread over the whole face of the ground. The stars were looking down upon the blocks, which were now as still as they; and the school, with the silence and solitude that reigned throughout it, seemed in some degree akin to them. The Spirit of the school—of learning and science, of poetry and hope, of energy and generosity—quickenened by the stir of the day, and deriving her life from it, and from that of many a thousand of days that had preceded, now rested in the darkness, none the less a reality now, not dull and inert, but making her presence felt as much as in the day, or all the more, because the



stir was passed, and stillness had succeeded to it.

She seemed to gather herself together in the darkness, musing and reckoning ; sad for some things, but glad it may be for most things that had passed within her domain that day. Sad for all tempers, all selfishness and meanness shown, for each deed of unkindness done, for each bungling act, whereby what was bad had been made worse, and what was good had been made less powerful. Sad for each piece of work slackly done, each misrepresented fact, each ill-tempered speech, each mutinous thought ; and glad for every honest effort, every temptation pushed aside, every noble thought appreciated, every secret of nature unveiled ; glad of the dawn of knowledge in each brain, and glad of all the merry and gallant life which as long as it is unpoisoned by mischief, the mischief of rioting, and the mischief of bad thoughts, makes a school the pleasantest place on earth. Here there is less pushing aside of the weak, less scheming for gain, less hardness and impenitence, more forgiveness, more free happiness, more willingness to obey than elsewhere in the world. What man is there who would

spoil this fair life? bringing grief into the face of our Lady, who is the creature and the creator of our good spirit. Who is it that spoils it? He who speaks of masters to boys as he ought not to speak of them, unfairly criticising or deriding them. He who speaks to boys roughly or in any way as he ought not to speak to them, stirring in them thoughts of disobedience and of mischief.

These thoughts passed through the mind of Mr. James as he sat in his room waiting for his evening pupils; looking out rather sorrowfully over the school site. One of his faults as a master was that he expected too much personal regard from his pupils, and felt too much disappointed if he did not get what he expected. The school was to him in the place of many interests, and he felt so much personal pleasure in doing his best for his pupils, that he was never happy unless some four or five of them, or two or three of them, were on terms of absolute intimacy with him, preferring his company to that of others. Obviously this was not wise of him; some of the wisest among his colleagues told him so sometimes, and, when he from time to time found himself disappointed as to the amount of pleasure

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which particular boys had in his company, he acknowledged to himself, though not to his colleagues, that they were right. To them he only replied by the general assertion, which is true enough, that most masters, as well as he, simply liked their pupils according to the amount of influence which they had over them ; otherwise they only tolerated them, having a feeling towards them which took away much pleasure from school life.

“ It is a question of degree, my dear boy,” said Mr. Harris to him—old father Harris, as his colleagues called him from his ways of almost maternal urgency with them—others called him Haristides, from his many virtues and their dislike of them. “ A question of degree ; and you overdo it. Now here you are waiting for Coggan, and you will be quite unhappy if the poor boy doesn’t come ; and how can he be expected to come and take an interest in mere Latin prose, after playing a hard game at football. You ought to have let him off ; and if you didn’t, he ought to let himself off, and not come.”

Mr. James rather winced at these remarks, and felt that he understood the unpopularity of Mr. Harris with those of his colleagues who

did not know him well enough to call him names to his face.

"I wish you would get out," he said to Mr. Harris, "I don't want any of your surplus knowledge; go and give it to Cousins down below; perhaps he'll be the better for it. Go and explain to him why his boys made such a row when they came in and went out this morning that mine were scandalised. And tell him not to make jokes; and explain to him the cadences of merriment, so that he may know when boys are laughing with him and when they are laughing at him. That will be plenty for you to do this evening; and do get out now; you know nothing about anything; and here is poor Coggan, as you call him, coming joyfully upstairs."

Mr. Harris retired; and Mr. James felt himself really happier as Coggan gave a good proof of his faithfulness by coming for his prose and essay on this evening.

"Are you very tired?" he said.

"No, sir," said Coggan.

"Well, come and sit down, and let us see what the prose is like."

The prose was satisfactory. That is, it was grammatical; but easy in its movement and

idiomatic it was not. "Why should it be?" said Coggan, when these defects, which he could not see but was obliged to take on faith, had been pointed out to him.

"What is the good of writing good prose, eh?" said Mr. James. "Well, no one ever told me when I was young, and I can't remember that I ever wanted to know; but I believe boys are different now, and want to know the reason for everything."

"Yes, sir," said Coggan, but very nicely.

"Well," said Mr. James, throwing himself back in his armchair and having Coggan by his side and the prose resting between them, Coggan just at such a distance from him that he could reach him at certain points of his disquisition, "doing Latin prose, or almost anything else for the matter of that, is not an end in itself. Happiness of a certain kind is the only end in itself, and doing a good piece of prose doesn't make you happy?"

"Yes, it does, sir," said Coggan, after a moment's thought.

"No, it doesn't," said Mr. James; "you feel happy because you have done your duty, or because you will be commended, or because the thing is done, or because that something

is gained for the sake of which you do it. And you want to know what it is. Isn't that it?"

He leaned forward and gave Coggan's coat collar a shake, when Coggan did not at once answer. The fact was Coggan did not know whether that was it or not, and he would not answer until he did. Mr. James showed a fault as a teacher by going on before Coggan was satisfied; Mr. James was always inconsiderate in this way; the reason was perhaps partly that he was afraid as it were of being "taken down," of giving anything definite to anybody which he might afterwards be called upon to explain, and which could be quoted as his. Thus the fault sprang from self-consciousness, the fault of all others against which naturally therefore he declaimed most to his pupils, all unconscious that it was his.

"Well, what that something is, seems to be this, though perhaps when you know what it is you won't like to have it, for there are places where it becomes an improper possession. First you must remember that that composition is in a dead language something like what conversation is in a living language, and makes you know the language and appreciate what you read. Now when you read with

this appreciation, you become to some extent another, and not yourself ; and when you read Latin well, you become to that extent a Roman, as understanding Roman ways and thoughts. And when you work at Latin prose, you are working so as to be able to do this.

“ Now this power of becoming another is not exactly valuable in every relation of life. For instance, my dear Coggan, I earnestly believe that you would not have been able to play so well to-day, and catch hold of that long-legged Tonbridgian, if you had been able, readily and without your weekly visits to this abode of mine, to do good prose. For the power of putting yourself in the position of another is not useful in actual tackling. A person should not do this when he tackles, but, regardless of the feelings and wishes of another, which he will instinctively regard if he knows them thoroughly, he should, I believe, make for his legs and pull him over, and roll on him and squeeze him and the ball, and assert his self in a most emphatic manner. But in other cases, not of struggle, and perhaps the best cases are cases not of struggle, excepting against mischief, the power to understand the view and thought of another is valuable, because it lies

at the root of all docility, and consequently of all real progress of every kind. It may seem slavish to you to abandon your own point of view. But when that which you take is that of a virile people like the Romans, you gain in virility what you seem to lose by suppleness. And when you work to improve your vocabulary, you improve your memory ; and when you work to get rhythm, you improve your ear, and music is the same in all languages.

“ Besides this you have probably also a shadowy feeling that it is good for you to be taught and disciplined ; and also another that you would like to please your father and mother by winning a scholarship ; and also please the people here, and Mr. James. And I believe that these are mainly the reasons for my teaching you prose, and for your liking to do it. And all this illustrates in a way what Charles the Fifth or some one else said, that when he had learnt another language, he felt that he had received another soul. And you may remember this, if they ever want you to explain the saying in a general paper at Oxford. Though don't understand me to say that I want you to have another soul, for with the one which you have I am satisfied ; but there



is no great harm in developing it, I believe." Mr. James stopped, observing symptoms of great sleepiness in his auditor. "Another two minutes and you would have slept," he said. "I stopped in time. Perhaps another evening you will not ask me what is the good of anything, after playing a match. Go you to bed and sleep ; good-night, my dear Coggan."

And so the last lesson was given, and soon the most wakeful eye among the Dulwich boys closed for this day ; and it ended well and happily, as all days will end, if people do what is right on them. Mr. James himself lay back in his chair when Coggan left him and his thoughts shaped the following prayer, and then he got up and went to bed :—

"O Thou great Being, who in all ages hast shown Thyself to those who look for Thee ; to some in fear, because they are timid for themselves, and know also what wickedness is ; and to some in hope, because they know something of what goodness is, and believe that Thou wilt not leave them comfortless ; and to some in love, because they are conscious in themselves that though they fall, yet they try to rise, conscious that their higher nature develops in some degree, that they are in

the main reaching after purity and courage and patience and kindness and knowledge, and that none of these things can be afraid, and therefore in some degree they, having them, may cast out fear of Thee, and that in those who move forward at all there must be hope of moving further forward still, and therefore they have a just hope that their natures will improve, and thus they will become always more akin to Thee,—

“O Thou great Being, whom those who fear, and those who love themselves too much limit by their fears and self-love, and say, ‘lo! Thou art there,’ or ‘lo! Thou art here,’ in this ordinance, or this precinct, or this council, or this company; O Thou who art beyond any precinct or any ordinance or any council or any company, and yet art closer to man than any of these, because Thou art that to which his heart approaches when it is best,—

“O Thou who gatherest into Thyself every good thought, pure thought, kind thought, brave thought, patient thought, every thought of knowledge humbly known, that men think throughout the wide world, and encouragest them, and whisperest peace to them when the world is against them and they cannot do as

they would or as they could, and warnest them when the world is on their side,—

“ O God, look down upon our company here, and help us to make the effort to reach what is better, more worthy of Thy great Being, more pleasing, more akin to Thy nature ; and for me, grant that I may not forget Thee, but see Thee when I teach and when I rest ; and may the thought of courage, purity, patience, kindness, and the reverence for knowledge leave me never.

“ This is my prayer to Thee, and this prayer I make because Thou art brave and pure and patient and kind and knowest all things. Thou art these, because these are good, and Thou art good. And One there has been in this world who also has been all these, all of them as Thou art all of them ; so far the record of His life and death makes me believe. He being as He is, is a token to me that Thou art near me to help me ; and may I learn to live without other tokens too much as my helpers, for where two are one, no tokens have a place ; and tokens cannot really make two to be one ; and he who rests in tokens rests in his own place, and moves not, or moves not freely towards another.”

## EPILOGUE

HYDE and Carter were never glad but once that they did as they did that night, and that once was always. They were glad throughout the Sunday, and more glad still on Monday, when the school gave honour to them, which they could receive with a whole heart ; and when the prefect's lesson came, and the Master spoke about the team at the prefect's lesson, and praised it for its skill and courage, and particularly praised Hyde for his conduct of it ; and most glad at the end of the term when they went to the masters to say good-bye, and went from each with a feeling that allowed them to accept what each one said to them, that they had done good service to the school, and that the school was grateful to them and proud of them. They felt that there was no record behind which might come to light and they be ashamed ; and if there were one boy in the school whom they liked and respected more than another, it was

Grant ; and next after him James and Coggan ; and such as Grant was and such as James and Coggan, and indeed such as Hyde and Carter, at least at their best, so may every boy be who leaves the great school of Dulwich.



THE END

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